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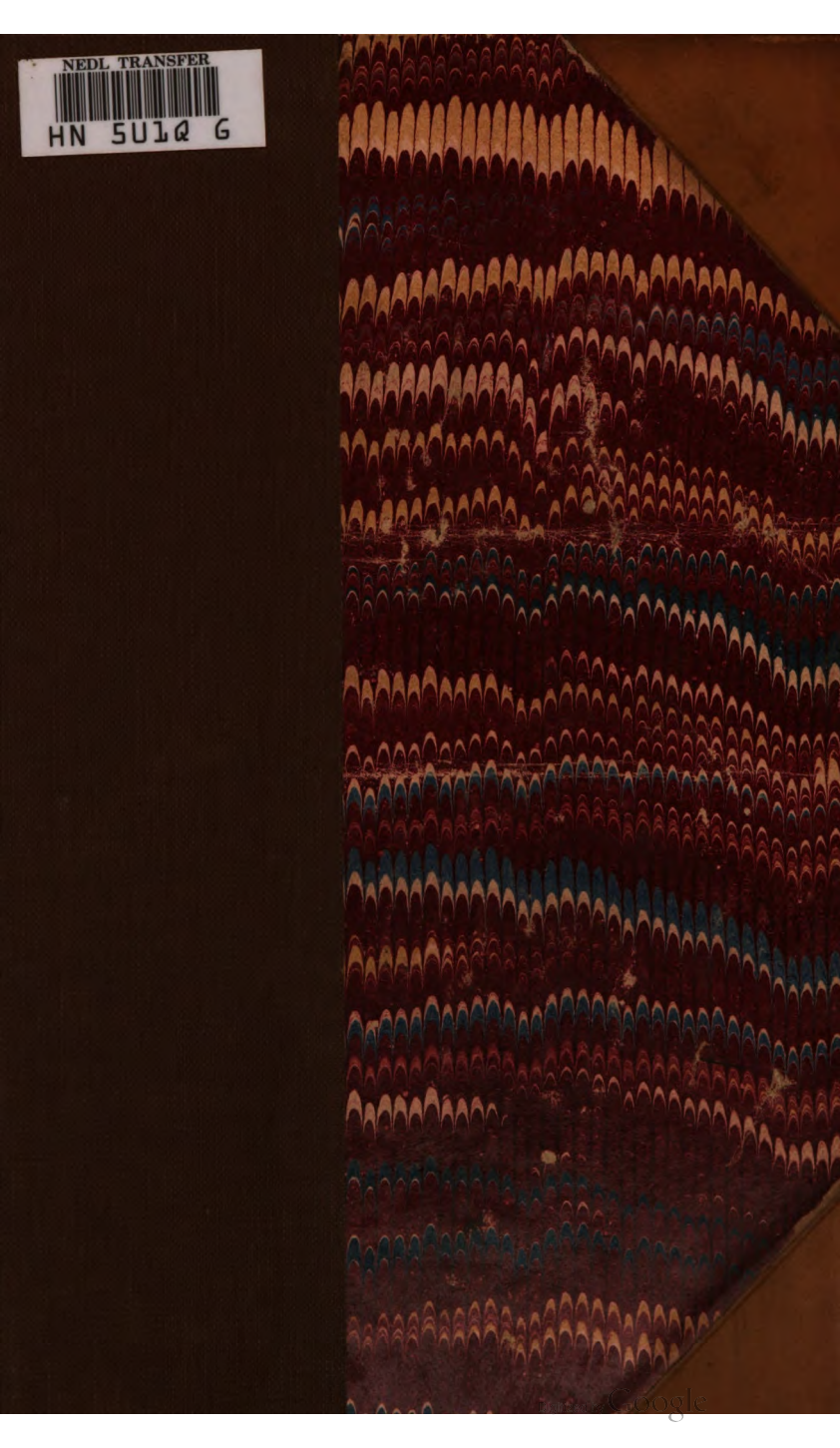

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THE GIFT OF

HORN POTTER

OF 1889

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The Imitations are of Cibber, Ambrose Philips, Thomson, Young, Pope, & Swift. "The Imitation of Ambrose Philips was not written by my Father, but sent to him by an ingenious* Friend" (T. H. Browne, 2d in preface to Poems, 1768).

1st ed. published by Gilliver, London: 1736, 8° pp. 23.
2d 1736. 8° " 23
3d, with notes. L. 1744
4th " "

* According to Ritson this was John Hoadley

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By Isaac Hawkins Browne. Born at Burton-on-Trent 1705. M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Entered at Lincoln's Inn, but did not practise law. Member House of Commons 1734-54. Beside the present work he wrote poems on "Design and Beauty" & a Latin poem "De Animi Immortalitate," 1744. The latter was several times translated into English. His Poems upon various Subjects, edited by his Son, was published in 1768, with a frontispiece. He died in 1760.

Johnson called him "one of the first wits of this country, (Boswell, April 3, 1775) & further said "Of all the companions, Hawkins Browne was the most delightful with whom I was ever in company: his talk was at once so elegant, so apparently artless, so pure, & so pleasing, it seemed a perpetual stream of sentiment enlivened by gaiety, and sparkling with images." (Mrs. Piozzi, Anecdotes, p. 76.)

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A

PIPE of TOBACCO.

IN

IMITATION

OF

Six SEVERAL AUTHORS.

The THIRD EDITION, with NOTES.

LONDON:

Printed for W. BICKERTON, in the Temple-Exchange, near the Inner-Temple Gate, in Fleetſtreet. 1744.

(Price, Six-pence.)

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GIFT OF
ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER
DEC. 15, 1915

Isaac Hawkins Browne

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

A Friend of mine having ſent me ſome Obſervations on the *Latin* MOTTOS at the Head of theſe very ingenious IMITATIONS, I thought it would not be unacceptable to the *Engliſh* Readers to have them inſerted by way of Notes.

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A PIPE of TOBACCO.

IMITATION I.

* *Laudes egregii* Cæſaris ——
Culpa deterere ingeni —— HOR.

A NEW-YEAR's ODE.

RECITATIVO.

OLD Battle-array big with Horror is fled,
And Olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her Head:
Sing, ye Muſes, TOBACCO, the Bleſſing of Peace;
Was ever a Nation ſo bleſſed as this!

AIR.

* This is a Sneer on one who thought it his peculiar, diſtinguiſh'd Province, to celebrate the great Praiſes of a very extraordinary and moſt illuſtrious Monarch: Yet ſhamefully ſneaks and debaſes them, by a moſt deplorable Defect of Wit and Dulneſs of Genius.

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AIR.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat
TOBACCO tempers *Phœbus'* Ire;
When Wintry Storms around us beat,
TOBACCO chears with gentle Fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
In thy Praiſes jointly ſing.

RECITATIVO.

Like *Neptune*, *Cæſar* guards *Virginian* Fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy Sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at *Britannia*'s Pow'r,
And *Boreas* is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy Mortal! he who knows
Pleaſure which a PIPE beſtows;
Curling Eddies climb the Room,
Wafting round a mild Perfume.

RECI-

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RECITATIVO.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boaſt,
While Waſtes of War deform the teeming Coaſt;
Britannia, diſtant from each hoſtile Sound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with Eaſe and Freedom crown'd:
E'en reſtleſs Faction finds itſelf moſt free,
Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

AIR.

Smiling Years that gayly run
Round the Zodiac with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.
Britiſh Sons no longer now
Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow;
Nor of Crimſon Combat think,
But ſecurely ſmoke and drink.

CHO-

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CHORUS.

Smiling Years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiac with the Sun;
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

IMITA-

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IMITATION II.

*——*Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.*
VIRG.

LIttle TUBE of mighty Pow'r,
Charmer of an idle Hour,
Object of my warm Desire,
Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:
And thy snowy taper Waist,
With my Finger gently brac'd;
And thy swelling ashey Crest,
With my little Stopper prest;

A And

* This is spoken by *Virgil*, of the sudden vanishing of *Anchises*'s Form, which had appear'd to *Æneas*. The Imitation seems, by this Motto, to satirise that low, trifling way of Writing, which, having no Solidity in it, vanishes, and is gone as soon as Smoak that mixes itself and is lost in the great thin Air.

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And the ſweeteſt Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy Kiſſes.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men ;
Who when agen the Night returns,
When agen the Taper burns ;
When agen the Cricket's gay,
(Little Cricket, full of Play)
Can afford his Tube to feed
With the fragrant *Indian* Weed :
Pleaſure for a Noſe divine,
Incenſe of the God of Wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men.

IMITA-

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IMITATION III.

§ ——*prorumpit ad Æthera nubem,*
Turbine fumantem piceo ——

VIRG.

O Thou, matur'd by glad *Hesperian Suns*,
TOBACCO, Fountain pure of * *limpid Truth*,
That looks the very Soul; whence pouring Thought
Swarms all the Mind; absorpt is yellow Care,
† *And at each* Puff *Imagination burns.*
Flash on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
Touch the mysterious Lip that chaunts thy Praise
In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown.

§ This is spoken of Mount *Ætna* sending up black, smoaking, pitchy Clouds into the Skies; and is here apply'd to the turgid obscure Writer.

* Poem on Liberty, Ver. 12. † Ibid. Ver. 16.

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Behold an Engine, wrought from tauny Mines,
Of ductile Clay, with * *plaſtic Virtue* form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I graſp, I fill.
From ‖ *Pætotheke* with pungent Pow'rs perfum'd,
† *Itſelf one Tortoiſe all*, where *ſhines imbib'd*
Each Parent Ray; then rudely ram'd illume,
With the red Touch of Zeal-enkindling Sheet,
‡ *Mark'd with Gibſonian Lore*; forth iſſue Clouds,
Thought-thrilling, Thirſt-inciting Clouds around,
And many-mining Fires: I all the While,
Lolling at Eaſe, § *inhale* the breezy Balm.
But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join*,
In genial Strife and Orthodoxal Ale,
‖‖ *Stream Life and Joy into the Muſes Bowl.*

Oh

* Poem on Liberty, Ver. 104.
‖ A Poetical Word for a Tobacco-box.
† Ibid. Ver. 243, 245. ‡ Ibid. Ver. 247.
§ Poem on Liberty, Ver. 309. ‖‖ Ibid. Ver. 171.

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Oh be Thou ſtill *my great Inſpirer*, Thou
My Muſe; Oh fan me with thy Zephyrs Boon,
While I, in clouded Tabernacle ſhrin'd,
Burſt forth all Oracle and myſtic Song.

IMITA-

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IMITATION IV.

* ——— *bullatis mihi nugis*
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea Fumo.
PERS.

CRITICS avaunt! TOBACCO is my Theme;
Tremble like Hornets at the blaſting Steam.
And you, Court-inſects, flutter not too near
Its Light, nor buzz within the ſcorching Sphere.
Pollio, with Flame like thine my Verſe inſpire,
So ſhall the Muſe from Smoke elicit Fire.

Cox-

* *Perſeus* ſays,
Non equidem Studio bullatis, &c.
It is not my Intention, or Deſire, to write in ſuch ſwelling ridiculous Manner, as is fit for nothing elſe but to add Heavineſs to Smoke and Darkneſs. The Author of theſe Imitations applies his Motto ſo as to reverſe the Meaning of *Perſeus*, and makes the Writer, he is here imitating, expreſs a Fondneſs for that Sort of Style which *Perſeus* proteſts againſt.

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Coxcombs prefer the tickling Stink of Snuff,
Yet all their Claim to Wiſdom is —— a Puff:
Lord *Foplin* ſmokes not — for his Teeth afraid,
Sir *Tawdry* ſmokes not — for he wears Brocade:
Ladies, when Pipes are brought affect to ſwoon;
They love no *Smoke*, except the *Smoke* of Town:
But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe,--no matter,
Strange if they love the *Breath* that cannot *flatter!*
Its Foes but ſhew their Ignorance, can *He*
Who ſcorns the *Leaf* of Knowledge, love the *Tree?*
The *tainted* Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him —*ſpit.*
Citronia vows it has an odious Stink;
She will not ſmoke (ye Gods!) but ſhe will drink:
And chaſte *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature *Man:*
Yet

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Yet Crowds remain, who ſtill its Worth proclaim,
While ſome for Pleaſure ſmoke, and ſome for *Fame*:
Fame, of our Actions univerſal Spring,
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke, —— *ev'ry* Thing.

IMITA-

IMITATION V.

* *Vaneſcit Solis ad ortus*
Fumus,

LUCAN.

LEST Leaf! whoſe aromatic Gales
diſpenſe
To Templers Modeſty, to Parſons
Senſe:
So raptur'd Prieſts, at fam'd *Dodona*'s Shrine
Drank Inſpiration from the Steam divine.
Poiſon that cures, a Vapour that affords
Content, more ſolid than the Smile of Lords:

* This is intended as a great Compliment to the Poet imitated, who is here repreſented as the Sun, at whoſe Riſing the Smoke, or Fog, is immediately diſpers'd; his Writing being ſo fine and pure, that it ſuffers no Obſcurity to attend it.

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Reſt to the Weary, to the Hungry Food;
The laſt kind Refuge of the Wise and Good:
Inſpir'd by Thee, dull Cits adjuſt the Scale
Of *Europe*'s Peace, when other Stateſmen fail.
By Thee protected, and thy Siſter Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
Nor leſs, the Critic owns thy genial Aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the piddling Trade.
What tho' to Love and ſoft Delights a Foe,
By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau;
Yet ſocial Freedom, long to Courts unknown,
Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
And let me taſte Thee *unexcis'd* by Kings.

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IMITATION VI.

* ——— *Ex Fumo dare lucem:*

HOR.

BOY! bring an Ounce of *Weekley*'s beſt,
And bid the Vicar be my Gueſt:
Let all be plac'd in Manner due,
A Pot, wherein to ſpit, or ſpue,
And *London Journal*, and *Free Briton*,
Of Uſe to light a Pipe, or * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

* This repreſents a Writer who does not throw Obſcurity on ſhining and great Subjects, but ſtrikes Light out of the dulleſt and the moſt trifling.

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This Village, unmoleſted yet
By Troopers, ſhall be my Retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for ***.
Far from the Vermin of the Town,
Here let me rather live, my own;
Doze o'er a Pipe, whoſe Vapour bland
In ſweet Oblivion lulls the Land;
Of all, which at *Vienna* paſſes,
As ignorant as *** *Braſs* is:
And ſcorning Raſcals to careſs,
Extol the Days of good Queen *Beſs*,
When firſt TOBACCO bleſt our Iſle,
Then think of other Queens and ſmile.

Come jovial Pipe, and bring along
Midnight Revelry and Song;
The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
That ecchoes ſweet in City Hall;

The

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The Parſon's Pun, the ſmutty Tale
Of Country Juſtice, o'er his Ale.
I aſk not what the French *are doing,*
Or Spain *to compaſs* Britain's *Ruin:*
Britons, *if undone, can go,*
Where TOBACCO *loves to grow.*

The E N D.

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II

Ambrose Phillips.

The parody in some of its lines follows the original most faithfully. Eg:

"Little syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age.
To Signora Cuzzoni.

"Then the taper-moulded waist,
With a span of riband brac'd,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest."
To the Hon. Miss Carteret.

"Happy thrice & thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."
Ibid.

"Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of Beauty's queen."
To Miss Georgiana.

"When again the limits sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sprottings, full of May."
To the Hon. Miss Carteret.

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